

he had taken them up and brought them here where the sun would shine upon them.

And now they were all coming up, and little buds were beginning to show.

It was the sunshine that had done it.

"Sunshine will do everything," she had heard him say.

Why wouldn't it cure mamma?

She would go and carry some to her. She had been out there so long, she knew she must be just full of sunshine, and maybe if she went into the house and sat down quietly where mamma was, and smiled and looked happy like the sunshine, it would make mamma feel better.

So she stood quite still for a moment in the full, bright sunshine, and drew a great deep breath, and then went back to the house, and, carrying her flowers with her, crept softly up the stairs, and into the room where mamma was lying on the couch.

She went in so very quietly that mamma hardly noticed her as she drew her little rocking-chair and sat in it, and began a soft little humming to herself, smiling all the time.

Presently mamma looked up.

"Why, Lottie," she said, "how happy you look! Are you thinking about something nice? What is it, dear?"

She sat up and looked kindly at Lottie's sweet, little, round face.

"I love you so much," Lottie said, drawing her chair up close to mamma, and laying her flowers in her lap; "and I thought I'd come in and see if I couldn't make you feel better."

"You dear little girl!" mamma answered. "Your bright, happy face and those lovely blossoms have done me good already. You are just like a ray of sunshine."

Lottie clapped her hands, but very softly, so as not to disturb mamma.

"That's just what I wanted," she cried. "I'm just going to try to smile and look happy all the time, no matter if I don't feel so, for I'm going to be a sunshine doctor."

Mamma kissed her very tenderly.

"We need your sunshine, darling," she said. "You will make everybody better and happier, if you will always carry the sunshine with you."

"I am going to—I really am!" Lottie said, nestling into mamma's arms. "I am going to be a sunshine doctor all my life!"

And so far she truly has been.—Ex.

POLLY'S PICTURE.

How Ned Snapped the Little Girl and All Her Pets.

It was a bright spring morning, and all the animals on the Meadowbrook farm had been given their breakfast, and the Piggywig family had settled down to a cozy nap. Suddenly there was heard a great noise, and rushing out in the apple orchard Old Mother Piggywig jumped up on her hind legs and looked over the fence of her sty to see what it was all about. The little pig that went to market, and the little pig that stayed at home, also jumped up, quite as excited as their mother. Then the little pig that had roast beef and the little pig that had none, woke up, and they, too, scampered about, wishing to know what was go-

ing on down under the apple trees. But before Old Mother Piggywig could tell them, the little pig that one day could not find his way home found a big hole in the lower board of the sty, and at once shouted:

Oh, I see what it is! It is little Polly going to have her picture taken."

And sure enough, there was Polly's brother Ned, with his camera; and after him came Polly, and after Polly came—guess what!

Well, first there came Blackie, the cat; then came Banty, the hen; and then came Gyp, the dog. And such a mew-mewing, and cluck-clucking and bow-wow-ing you never heard!

Polly had often had her picture taken, but it was always with her papa or her mamma, and she had never had her picture taken with her pets. So brother Ned had promised that on her birthday he would take her picture with all of her pets—if they would only keep still. This day was Polly's birthday, and, as the weather was fine, her brother had told her to follow him out to the orchard.

Ned fastened his camera on its three sprawling legs, while Polly tried to gather her pets around her. But by this time Blackie, the cat, was chasing a squirrel (though he did not catch him), and Banty, the hen, was away off scratching for worms, and Gyp, the dog, was barking at a bossy calf down by the brook, for, of course, Polly's pets did not know it was her birthday and that they were to have their pictures taken with her.

Polly called as loud as she could: "Here, Blackie, Blackie; here, Banty, Banty; here, Gyp, Gyp," and as quick as a wink the animals came running up to her.

At first she sat down, but all three of her pets got in her lap until you could scarcely see Polly behind them. That would not do, of course, because it was Polly's picture that was the most important.

Finally, she stood up and made her pets stand up, too. Then she had more trouble, for Gyp wanted to stand next to her, and so did Banty, and so did Blackie, but she told them if they were not good and did not stand just where she put them, they could not have their pictures taken at all. She even said she would get the little pig that could not find his way home, and would have her pictures taken with him. They did not like that, so they promised to be good. She stood Banty on one side of her, and Gyp on the other side, and then she put Blackie on one end next to Banty. But Gyp and Blackie jumped around so lively that brother Ned ran into the house and brought out Polly's toy cow, and stood her next to Blackie, and that kept him quiet, because he was afraid the cow would hook him with her horns—he did not know it was not a real cow. Then Ned brought out Polly's toy lion and put him next to Gyp, and that kept him quiet, because he thought the lion would eat him up—he did not know it was not a real lion.

So after they were all nice and quiet, Ned called out: "Ready! Look pleasant! One, two, three—all over!" —Everett Wilson in St. Nicholas.

The cross still conquers men, and he who will cling to it for the love he has will find a crown upon the rugged bars.